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SARGENT

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HUBERT AND ELLEN.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

**HE TRIAL OF THE HARP.....BILLOWY WATER.....
THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE....THE TEAR-
DROP....THE BILLOW.**

BY

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

THIRD EDITION, WITH ALTERATIONS.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY.

1815.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, T

District C

BE it remembered, that on the seventh of October, A. D. 1812, and in the thirty-seventh year of the independence of the United States of America, *Stebbins*, of the said District, has deposited the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*—"HILL ELLEN. With other Poems. The Trial and Execution of the Plunderer's Grave-Drop....The Billow. By *Lucius M. Sarg*

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No more time has been devoted to the revision of this volume than some few hours, unoccupied in the pursuits of my profession. This edition therefore is not published on account of any essential improvement which it has received, although, in some instances, I have availed myself of the kindness of friends, and the ingenuity of enemies.

An tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?
Non ego: nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere:
ut aud ax,
Contentis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.
Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut cruciet, quodd
Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quodd ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigell?

19 FEB 1936



DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

SHADE of my brother dear !
Oft at the silent close of summer day,
Fond mem'ry brings thee near ;
And often have I sought that hour, to pay
The tribute of my tear.

For if time's varying currents roll
One hour, which o'er thy gentle soul
Could reign, with more of magic pow'r,
Than ev'ry hour beside,
It was that sweet, that musing hour
Of summer's eventide.

Not emulous, our friendly skiffs pursu'd
The track of life, down childhood's bubbling tide ;
And pass'd the flood of boyhood, wild and rude,
Like partners in the voyage, side by side ;
But scarce the rapids of our youth were pass'd,
Scarce op'd before us manhood's ocean wide,
Ere thy fair vessel yielded to the blast.

Though Heav'n to both did equal love impart,
Yet greater gifts were thine, and happier doom,

Of boyhood's walks, and shady bow
And youthful sports, and satchell'd
And task forgot, and winter night,
Wasted o'er tale and legend light,
Till ev'ry blast we chanc'd to hear
Brought elf, or fiend, or giant near.

Full oft a tear-drop mem'ry borrows,
When fairly thus her hand displays
The simple scenes of former days ;
And yet that tear-drop is not sorrow's
For tears, that flow at sorrow's call
Are always felt before they fall.
But here, when mem'ry brings to vi
Dear, early scenes, for ever gone,
The heart scarce feels how strong, l
The lines by mem'ry's hand are dri

**Thy meteor lamp of poesy,
That shone with gairish ray,
Lur'd my fond heart to follow thee,
Mid fancy's airy way.
There have I pass'd my happiest hours,
Entwining fancy's fairy flow'rs.
And thus I now have wreath'd for thee
These simple flow'rs in garland wild,
This chaplet of my poesy ;
For thou wert fancy's favour'd child.....**

**Brother ! to thee if it were given,
To leave awhile thy rest in Heaven ;
If thou couldst weep, thy gentle tear
Would steal, of Hubert's fate to hear ;
And pity sure would dim thine eye,
At Ellen's love and constancy.
For ne'er a theme thy heart could move,
Like gentle woman's constant love.
And sure to thee did Heav'n impart
No fickle, no inconstant heart.**

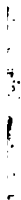
**Dear Spirit ! I have heard thee say,
" If cruel fate should bear away
Her, who alone my heart can sway,
Oh ! could that heart again be gay ?
And could I ever, ever bear
To part this braid of auburn hair ?**

Until with me, this little braid
Beside her in the grave be laid.
For when in death my limbs grow cold
Sure none will be of heart unkind,
Sure none to constant love so blind,
Whose cruel hand will rudely tear
Away this braid of auburn hair !”...

Shade of my brother dear !
Oh ! if the chaplet I have twin’d
Be not unworthy bard like thee,
Then let me dream thee near
And round thy brows in fancy bind
These wild flow’rs of my poesy !

And though the world sever
May scorn my flow’rets, till they fe

HUBERT AND ELLEN.



HUBERT AND ELLEN.

THIS poem commences with the address of an old man to a stranger, who is supposed to be gazing at a maniac, reclining upon a grave ; near which the old man is standing.

WANDERER, stay !

If your gentle heart would know
Who, beneath the lonely willow,
Makes the simple stone his pillow,
And turns by fits from deepest wo,
To laughter gay.

Wand'rer, though upon his brow,
Sad despair, and sorrow now,
And fitful grief, and laughter wild
Mark him distraction's dearest child ;
Though hair and beard, uncouth and long,
Have done his manly features wrong ;
Yet ev'ry deepen'd furrow there
Is less the mark of age than care :
And oft he holds his visage high,
Often his dark and fever'd eye
The quick'ning fire of youth betrays,
And lofty glance of better days.

Is seen in stately tow'r ;
Nor lordly suitor bows the knee
To courtly damsel, fair and free,
Well met in sylvan bow'r.

Or chance to you the world is dear
So dear, you have no hour for sorrow
To heave a sigh, to shed a tear,
For other's wo :

If then your thoughts are all for morn
For worldly good, for worldly gear,
'Twere shame that you the tale shoul
Go, Wand'rer, go....


Yet stay, and first forgive the wrong
Of speech unkind and sland'rous tong
For pride is high upon your cheek,
The dew is in your eye,

And counts them slowly o'er and o'er,
And laughs by fits, and cries,
And mutters to himself alone,
" Here little Ellen lies."

Ah ! gentle wand'rer, 'tis a dreary sight,
When all the world is hush'd in stillest night,
To see poor Hubert steal to Ellen's grave ;
And read the tablet by the moon's pale light,
And utter senseless pray'r, and wildly rave,
And wring his hands, and shriek with piercing cry,
And start, to hear the owlet's shrill reply.

Five summers now have pass'd away,
Since Ellen slept beneath the willow ;
Five summers now have shed their ray,
Since wretched Hubert, night and day,
Has made the simple stone his pillow :
Reckless of summer's heat and winter's cold.
And pitying neighbours oft the tale have told,
How, when the maniac's life to save,
They sought the wretch at Ellen's grave,
They found him, on the tablet low,
Brushing away the falling snow.

Some story of the hapless pair
Is told by ev'ry villager ;
Enough to raise the childish fear,



Who lies upon the narrow bed,
And how he plac'd the tablet stone,
O'er Ellen's grave, with tender care
And how his heart would swell
When oft he sought the spot alone,
And scatter'd rose and lily there.
And how, when sorrow turn'd his brow
He lost his gallant air and mien.
And many other tales beside,
Of Hubert and his hapless bride,
The village dame can tell.

And some there are,
Who say, that Hubert on the even
Close by her bed, when Ellen died
Knelt down, and weeping at her side
Mutter'd short pray'r ;

But it has never been denied,
That, like a lover true,
For days and nights, at Ellen's side,
Hubert gaz'd o'er her features pale ;
And when her spirit seem'd to fail,
Her hand more closely drew ;
And when at last poor Ellen died,
Though still he gaz'd, and sadly sigh'd,
'Tis said, no tear was seen to flow ;
But on his wan and haggard brow,
There was so strange and wild a stare,
That none a second look could bear.

But the sad story, save to me,
Is veil'd in deepest mystery.

Poor, crazy Hubert knows me not !
And by that wild unconscious gaze,
He tells me not of former days ;
Naught lingers of remembrance there
The frantic look, the vacant stare
Show, that my features are forgot.
Yet gentle wand'rer, well I know,
This wretch, who looks so mean and low,
Before his senses fail'd him aught,
Ne'er turn'd his back on friend or foe.
And, though it strange may seem to thee,
Ne'er liv'd more gallant youth than he.

He was my friend....but, stranger, say
Why gaze upon my locks of grey,
My humble garb, my lowly mien,
And oaken staff, on which I lean ?
Though I am old, I cannot brook
That curious glance and doubting lool
I said, that Hubert was my friend :
Think you my boastful words intend,
That I was gallant Hubert's peer,
When his were honours, wealth, and
No, stranger, wrong me not in though
Nor will old Edwy tell you aught,
Of all the story less sincere,
Than that this wretch is Hubert here.
But my poor knees are weak and old,
Beneath the neighb'ring elm, 'tis mee
To seek the cool sequester'd seat,

I serv'd his cruel sire with fear,
And learn'd to love the child.

And when to manly years he came,
My love for Hubert was the same.
And when, because he long withstood
His father's will, nor gave his hand
Against his heart, for lady's land,
His cruel sire, in stubborn mood
On hapless Hubert clos'd his door,
And robb'd of all his hopes ; be sure
Old Edwy's heart could ill endure
Such cruel fate, but lov'd him more.
It was an heavy time indeed,
Such sad mishap to know ;
For then his heart had learn'd to bleed,
For hapless Ellen's woe :
And sorrow clouded o'er his brow,
And sad repentant tears did flow.

For, though he was as fair, and free,
And kind, as gallant youth could be,
In all beside, and ne'er delay'd
His hand, when pity claim'd his aid ;
Yet, on his soul a fatal blot
Is deeply dy'd, so dark a stain
Shall long with Hubert's name remain,
When wretch'd Ellen is forgot :

High his heart would beat in pleasu
Careless of the tears of morrow ;
Lightly would he seize the treasure,
Reckless of a maiden's sorrow.

And oft upon the modest eye,
Hubert would bend his eye of blue,
And talk of love, and seem so true,
In ev'ry word, in ev'ry sigh ;
That simple maiden never dream'd,
That Hubert false would prove
And if, upon his features fair,
She look'd, for wily falsehood there
Such glance that maiden well might
On face, that beam'd so fair and tru
Where ev'ry look so gently seem'd
To tell of naught but love.

Yet none more supply bow'd the knee,
And none could heave more tender sigh,
And none more kindly glanc'd an eye,
On gentle lady fair, than he.

Then simple maid would sure believe,
That Hubert's smile could ne'er deceive ;
Till in some sad and lone retreat,
With tears, and sighs, and wan despair,
And naught of love and Hubert there,
The wretch would seek sequester'd seat,
And mourn, unheard, her sorrows o'er :
Till tears at length would cease to flow,
And sighs would yield to silent woe ;
And then, with fainting look and wild,
Clasp to her breast her naked child,
And close her eyes, to weep no more....

Time fast has flown, since Ellen smil'd,
Where in a vale beside the wood,
Old Edgar's lonely cottage stood ;
Poor, widow'd Mary's only child.
For Edgar never liv'd to know,
 Of Ellen's hapless doom ;
And ere the days of Ellen's woe,
Thrice had the summer flow'ret grown,
And thrice cold winter's blast had blown,
 On Edgar's lowly tomb.

Poor Mary's wants were still supplied,
By tender Ellen's care.

At early dawn, her little feet
The dew from off the pathway beat,
And water from the brook she drew :
And oft she pluck'd the flow'r, that grew
Upon the margin fair ;
And still while poor old Mary slept,
Smiling, towards her pillow crept,
And gently plac'd it there.
Then silent would she watch, the while
Her fond surprise and wak'ning smile

Next, with kind look and willing hands
She brought her mother's slight repairs
When she had took her kerchief east :

Ere from its place she gaily drew,
And o'er her finger lightly swung.

And, o'er her auburn gay,
Before she had her gipsy tied,
Whose shad'wy brim could poorly hide
Her fairy face and floating pride;
His frequent bark would loudly chide
Her ling'ring step's delay.

Scarce on the string she plac'd her hand,
Ere Carlo would in silence stand,
With forward head, and upward ear,
The sound of lifting latch to hear;
His body back, his foot before,
And eye, intent upon the door.
Scarce Ellen then the bobbin drew,
Ere o'er the threshold Carlo flew,
And swiftly shot along the lawn,
With eagle's speed; nor had she more
Than dropp'd the latch, and clos'd the door,
Ere Carlo down the hill had gone.
And scarce she left the threshold stone,
Ere he had swum the brook below,
And climb'd the cliff, and on its brow
Paus'd, and look'd back on Ellen's way,
Shook from his locks the water spray,
Then bark'd again to chide delay.

Carlo was fairly out of sight.

With health and sweet content
Thus Ellen pass'd her early hours,
Nor e'er had op'd her eyes on sorrow ;
Save once, but long those tears had
'Twas when her father, Edgar, died.
And thus, with basket at her side,

Ellen and Carlo went
In search of herbs, and fruits, and fic
And homeward with the little store,
At even, sought the cottage door.
Then to the village on the morrow,
Carlo and little Ellen came,
To sell them to the village dame.

With slower step than Carlo trod.

It was a pleasant thing, to see
Ellen at even merrily,
When length'ning shadows, o'er the lea,
Call'd home the ploughman wearily ;
Tripping with lightsome steps along,
While half untied her bonnet hung ;
And Carlo, marching close before,
With lifted head, the basket bore.
O'erpaid was Ellen for the toil
By Mary's kind and greeting smile,
But when her little gains she show'd,
And laid upon her mother's knee,
And smiling said, "'tis all for thee ;"
The tear, down Mary's cheek that flow'd,
To Ellen's heart was far more dear,
Than worlds of wealth and costly gear.

Oft have I seen fair Ellen come,
With Carlo to the cottage home ;
For Hubert often sped me there.
Oft then would Mary turn aside,
Wiping away the trickling tear,
Then would she say, that I must bear
Kind thanks, for gentle Hubert's cheer ;
And tell him, that at eventide,
Ellen, her little bed beside,
Would clasp her hands for him in pray'r ;
While Ellen with a smile replied,
To all his greeting fair.

Of aught, but poor, old Mary's ne

When Hubert first reveal'd the tale
Of Mary's cottage in the vale,
He pass'd the matter lightly o'er;
How in the glade, some days before
Fatigu'd with vain pursuit of game
It chanc'd he to the cottage came:
Then kindly thither bade me go
Of poor, old Mary's health to know
And, if I saw a maiden there,
With hazel eye and auburn hair,
From him to speak the damsel fair

Yet, in his face that beam'd the well
Was naught but pity's gentle smile

Whene'er, in seeming pity's need,
The will of Hubert bade me speed :
Time thus had swiftly pass'd away.
At length, less eager Hubert seem'd,
Of poor, old Mary's weal to know ;
And scarce at last he lent an ear,
Of all her gentle speech to hear.
And, when I told of Mary's tear,
No smile upon his face there beam'd,
But more of sadness rested there.

And when, as Mary bade me bear,
I said, that oft at eventide,
Ellen, her little bed beside,
Would clasp her hands for him in pray'r ;
There came a cloud upon his brow,
Bursting in drops of heaviest wo.
I marvell'd much, but understood,
No cause for Hubert's changing mood.

Again he never bade me go,
To Mary's humble cot ;
And long neglect might plainly show,
Poor Mary was forgot.
And, when.....but stranger, gently bear
The weakness of an old man's tear :
It is the tribute mem'ry pays,
To scenes of youth and happier days.

Can bring so near
Your native land, beyond the hills
And show so clear
Dear early scenes, that time would
And paint the friend, now sunk so
With hand so true,
That long lost friend, and distant
And scenes of youth before you came
In present view ?

If such an hour you never knew,
Ah, then indeed you ne'er can know
Why down my cheek tears freely
When, on my mem'ry rushing, come
Dear thoughts of Mary's humble
The peaceful look, the greeting
The brook. the hill. the hawthorn

Oh ! could I see that smile once more,
And Ellen at the cottage door,
And crazy Hubert's madness o'er ;
How sweetly then could Edwy die,
While tears bedew'd his closing eye....

I said, that Hubert ne'er again
Bade me to Mary's cot repair.
But I had stray'd so often there,
Ere the chill blast of winter wild
Had laid the little woodland bare,
That I had often wish'd to know,
How look'd the hawthorn, 'neath the snow.
Sure were my gentle hints to fail
Which oft were tried on Hubert's ear ;
Thinking some kind, returning care
Again would bid me seek the vale.
And when, at last, my words were bold,
Of long neglect, and winter's cold,
And Mary, feeble, poor, and old ;
His eye shot forth an angry beam,
And as he briskly turn'd away,
He bade me wait some future day,
Changing my suit for lighter theme.
At length, my feet unbidden trod
Once more, toward the little wood,
Where Mary's simple cottage stood.

... , unwav'ring, when I sp
Of Mary, argu'd mystery ;
Yet, if my wav'ring, light sun
Rested on Ellen's hazel eyes,
And lovely face, and auburn h
It scarce an instant rested then
As weary falcon rests his feet,
On branch too feeble for his we
And, scarcely cow'rs his wing t
Ere he again has ta'en his fligh

Full in my mind, came ev'ry w
Hubert ere spake of Mary's nee
And fresh his smile of pity came
And when I thought how seldom
On Hubert's lips was Ellen's na
His gentle heart and gen'rous d
D. 11

From Mary's cottage shone ;
It cheer'd my heart, my steps more light
Pass'd o'er the valley lone ;
Ascending now the little hill,
They gain'd the threshold stone.....

My heart misgave ; that sudden chill,
That ran my brow so swiftly o'er,
When first I op'd the cottage door,
Came, like the harbinger of wo.
And Carlo, on the cottage floor,
Crouching in seeming sorrow low,
Whose eager bark was wont before,
To charge me briskly, at the door,
Strengthen'd my boding fears of ill.

In rapid turn mine eyes survey'd
The cottage o'er, with eager care
Searching in vain for Ellen round ;
Glance scarce at Mary once they made.
Expectant still my wistful ear,
So used the welcome voice to hear,
Already seem'd to catch the sound.

And when, in resting glance, at first,
On Mary's eyes my own were bent,
Her look my very heart did burst,
For pity, to my soul it went.

Such sure despair and steadfast wo,
As reign'd, o'er ev'ry feature then,
I never shall behold agen,
With mortal sight, on mortal brow
That piteous look will ever go,
With mem'ry, to my dying day.
It seem'd, in sorrow's deepest need
As if her very soul would part.
Such look would tame the blacker
That ever thought revengeful deer
'Twould make the wretch his crim
'Twould blind the murd'rer's dark
In purpose bent, and make the bri
Fall sudden from his nerveless har
'Twould make the robber's heart
And urge the miser's pitying sigh.

Her eyes upon the floor were bent,
Forward from age her body leant ;
Her arms upon her lap repos'd,
Her wither'd hands in grief were clos'd ;
Her forehead, checker'd o'er with cares,
Bore furrows deep and silver hairs :
And, all the while in silent wo,
Down her old face, where bitter tears
Had left the lines of former years,
Big drops of heavy grief did flow.

And now her streaming eyes, to Heaven
Raising, she fix'd a moment there ;
Lifting her hands still join'd in pray'r,
As if she felt an instant then,
Some feeble ray of hope were given.
And now her hands were fall'n agen ;
And now, again dejected low,
Her eyes sent forth their streams of wo,
As if her last faint hope were riven.
And oft her sadly piercing look
Came to my soul, with sharp rebuke.

Then was I fain the more, to know
The bitter cause of Mary's wo.
For on my cheek though ready pride,
At once, th' ungen'rous charge denied,
Yet, when I found my colour came,
I fear'd 'twould look like guilt and shame

And when I mention'd Ellen's :
Such sorrow trembled through
I thought it was her dying day.
She sobb'd aloud, her hands she
And on her knees she feebly fell
Her wither'd arms around me flung
And then besought, that I would
Where was her dear, her only child

And then, with piteous look she
And faintly clasp'd my knees, and
For blessing should be on my head
If her last wish were not denied,
To see her once, before she died.

And, though by all my hopes in Heaven
Of life to come, and sins forgiven

Till by my tears she surely knew
That all my words and vows were true.
Then Mary fain would tell the tale,
But oft her feeble power did fail ;
Of all the story many a word
Was lost, or indistinctly heard ;
For, ere her heart could tell me all,
Her sobs were deep, her voice was small.

She said, it was a month before,
When Ellen bent her steps away ;
Dress'd in her plaid and bonnet gay,
To visit on the neighb'ring moor,
At Agnes' cot, the hill beside.
And, when old Mary bade her sure
Return, before the close of day,
Ellen with feeble voice replied,
She should be home at eventide.
Yet, when she spake, though Mary heard
Her feeble voice and fault'ring word ;
And plainly mark'd she trembled o'er,
While standing at the cottage door ;
The winter air was cold and chill,
And Ellen had of late been ill.

But, when she cross'd the frozen brook,
While Mary through the casement spied,
Oft Ellen stopp'd, and turning, gas'd

And Mary thought of naught beside

Now swiftly pass'd the hours away ;
Deep, in the west, the parting sun
Mark'd the short race of winter day
Its fleeting gold no longer shone
On little hill, and cottage lone ;
Its fading lustre, faintly seen,
Danc'd-o'er the pine's perennial gre
Short while, its gandy colour now
Flounc'd round the mountain's wint
And, while the last fantastic ray
Curl'd o'er its cap of drifted snow,
'Twas ev'ning in the vale below.

No longer Mary's sharpest ken
Saw little hill, or neighb'ring glen.

And now again 'twas sunken low ;
And now its breath had ceas'd to blow
The brake, along the crusted snow :
And now, its lightest whisper still,
No sound remain'd on Mary's ear.
At length with weariness oppress'd,
And thinking Ellen on the moor,
At Agnes' cot, would pass the night,
Speeding her home, at morning light,
Old Mary laid her limbs to rest....

Broad day upon the cottage shone,
Ere Mary woke ; and, scarce she mourn'd,
That Ellen yet had not return'd,
When, by the wonted bark, 'twas known,
Carlo had reach'd the threshold stone.

Quickly she rose, and op'd the door,
Her lips half said the greeting fair,
Forward she gave her welcome hand.....
Then fail'd her heart, she scarce could stand,
The little Ellen was not there ;
And Carlo had return'd alone.

Slowly he pass'd the threshold o'er,
And lagging step and panting tongue
Spake weary limbs, and journey long.
She look'd along the vale below,
In vain, for plaid and bonnet green.

Which, 'neath the hawthorn
And Ellen vainly strove to
How oft, upon her little bed,
When e'er of late her pray'r
Ellen had sobb'd aloud.

Old Mary's mind at length w
To seek for Ellen on the moor
Her sad repast in haste she n
And scarce the besom, ere she
Pass'd lightly round the cotta
Her humble couch she loosely
Then trembled Mary's feeble
Cold dew upon her forehead ca
When first she turn'd her pillo
For none, but Ellen, there had
The purse, which Mary's hand

When merry Christmas eve came round,
And holly deck'd the cottage fair ;
And Agnes, Ann, and Constance there
Partook of Ellen's welcome cheer ;
Or forward bent, with ear profound,
Old Mary's wond'rous tale to hear ;
Of wizard's might, and giant's brand,
And legend fair of fairy land.

But now, for sorrow's heavy swell,
And tears, like floods of rain that fell,
No more the tale could Mary tell.
But from its place the purse she took,
And, while upon my hand she laid,
Though nought she spake, yet, in her look,
Her very soul might well be read.

My trembling fingers scarce unbound
The silken string, that twin'd it round.

Ah, wand'rer ! sure, I need not tell
What sorrow from mine eyes there fell,
When, glancing down, they wander'd there,
O'er purse, and gold, and trinkets fair ;
And how my brow was damp and cold,
When first they fix'd their eager gaze,
Upon the little em'rald's rays,
That Hubert's finger us'd to wear.

The tale of grief, that Ellen told.

In ev'ry line, 'twas plain to spy
The trembling hand and tearful eye


It was an artless tale of sorrow ;
How she had lent a willing ear,
Long since, of Hubert's love to hear
How kind were all the words, that
Delusive on his wily tongue :
How she had often said, 'twas sham
That gallant youth should wed with
And bade him woo some city dame,
While Ellen chang'd her humble name
For that of some poor cottager.
How gently then would Hubert smile
And, gazing o'er her face the while
Swear, that the fates would ill betide
If Ellen were not Hubert's bride.

How chang'd was ev'ry scene !
The purling brook, she lov'd to hear,
Though soft it murmur'd, pain'd her ear.
The matin lark, whose lofty measure
Could turn her morning toil to pleasure ;
Though still his notes were loud and high,
Call'd the big tear to Ellen's eye.
All wither'd seem'd those hawthorn bow'rs,
Where she had pass'd her happiest hours ;
Though ne'er more lovely shone their flow'rs,
Mid leaves of livelier green.

And how, full oft at rustling brake,
Her cheek would flush, her limbs would shake ;
And how, when Carlo brush'd her by,
She started wild, yet knew not why ;
And, when he frisk'd in gambol gay,
How tears, unwonted, found their way.

And then she bade her last farewell ;
Saying, her feet no more could dwell,
Where ev'ry scene did sadly tell
Of former joys, of present wo,
How happy once, how wretched now
Was Ellen's hopeless doom.

Still could she bear the world's rebuke,
Her own remorse, and woman's scorn ;
Nay, all but Mary's piteous look.



AND SHE WAS TAKEN FROM THE WORLD FOR EVER.

And thus her last request she made
"Mother ! this purse thy hands com
To Ellen, in her childish years ;
'Tis now beneath thy pillow laid,
Wet with thy daughter's bitter tear
Mother ! if thine with mine can ble
Shed here thy deepest drops of sorrow
And dream thy daughter's days did
Ere op'd her eyes, to weep for morrow

"This em'rald ring to Hubert bear,
Tell him, for me the pledge to wear
Tell him, MY LOVE AND CONSTANCY
WITH LIFE SHALL E'ER ABIDE ;
For these were Hubert's words to n
One summer's eventide."

" Tell him, for cold neglect and long,
Though Ellen's tears do steal,
Her heart ne'er chides him for the wrong ;
Nor has that heart a wish, so strong,
As that for Hubert's weal."

" Tell him, if, on the scroll of Heaven,
A crime be found, recorded there,
The hapless Ellen's ruin'd fame,
Against the wretched Hubert's name ;
Kind Heav'n will grant, her tears may fall,
And wash that record from the scroll ;
And in its place, shall stand, as fair,
The little Ellen's constant pray'r,
That Hubert's crime may be forgiven"....

Deeply my heart was forc'd to bleed,
And fast my tears to flow ;
For shame, at Hubert's cruel deed
For grief, at Ellen's wo.

In vain those tears of sorrow flow'd,
In vain were all my words bestow'd ;
And all in vain I strove to raise
Old Mary's hopes of happier days,
When Ellen's self should sooth her woes.
Still ev'ry look was deep dismay,
No word in answer e'er she said ;

At length she said, all hopes w
Her cup was full, her race was
And well she knew, their sins for
She soon should meet her child in
For heart, so kind, and love, so
Could ne'er endure such fortune

To Hubert, then she bade me tell
Ellen's forgiveness, and the ring
And say, of all those years of w
That hapless Hubert's heart mi
Old Mary wish'd no more,
Of all those days of bitter gall,
To wretched Hubert's lot might
Than, when his youth had wan'
And blood grew chill, and locks

My tears fast were flowing,
The chill blast was blowing,
'Twas midnight, and lone was the way o'er the
moor ;

Though dreary and cheerless,
My bosom was fearless,
And strong were my steps, as I turn'd from the
door.

The woes of poor Ellen
My heart high were swelling ;
That heart, 'gainst the spoiler beat heavy and
strong ;

Those lips, that oft bless'd him,
Those hands, that caress'd him,
Implor'd Heaven's vengeance to wait on the
wrong.

Yet, when I thought, how oft his brow,
Of late was clouded o'er with wo ;
And when the cause was now so clear
Of sudden start, and frequent tear,
And late carouse, and goblet high,
And all unwonted revelry ;
Some hope rose feebly o'er my mind :
No youth was e'er as Hubert kind ;
His smile was fair, his heart was free,
In deeds of gentlest charity.

Yet firm was Edwy's purpose then,
That ne'er his limbs should rest agen,
Though his old knees might need del:
Though cold the blast, and long the
Until to Hubert he should bring
The words of Ellen, and the ring.
And, if the wretch should recreant p
Alike to honour and to love ;
Then Edwy's bitter curse should flow
 On Hubert's head for ever ;
And o'er the world would Edwy go,
Till wand'ring Ellen, safe from harm
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'Twas rude carouse, and riot all.
Round went the song and jovial glee,
And Hubert's voice rang merrily.

His mirth swell'd high my heart, the more ;
In scorn, I gas'd his features o'er ;
Soon then I mark'd his kindling eye,
That glanc'd on mine in fierce reply.
For oft, of late, my counsel bore,
'Gainst nights of endless revelry.

In wrath, upon my face he gas'd ;
His wine-sick brain could poorly brook
My bended brow, and clouded look.
And, when I wav'd my locks of grey,
His burning anger forc'd its way ;
A goblet from the board he rais'd,
He hurl'd the cup, it scath'd my brow,
And big, red drops began to flow.
Then riot rose, and all the throng
Rang loud applause, in laughter long.
But Hubert's face was clouded o'er ;
For, still regardless of the blow,
With look unchang'd, such glance I bore.
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If so, perhaps thy heart has borne

That old man's silent look of scorn

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His trembling lips could nought reply,
And tears o'erflow'd his downcast eye,
For, scarce had gone the noisy crowd,
Ere fast he wept and sobb'd aloud....

“Hubert ! preserve those tears that flow,
And shed them for another's wo !
If in thy breast, remorse, for wrong
Can plunge its deadly sting ;
If e'er thy heart of steel can bleed,
For blackest crime, for foulest deed ;
Weep for the woes of her, to whom
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Wild then and sudden was his start ;
Soon from his lips the blood did part.
And strangely now he fix'd his gaze,
Upon the little em'rald's blaze.
His fading sight with frantic glare
Seem'd feebly still directed there,
Nor more then seem'd ; now reel'd his head,
His senses fail'd, his vigour fled.
Then flush'd my face, my fears grew strong,
For flick'ring life had linger'd long ;
And long I chaf'd his palms and brows,
Ere to his cheek the life-blood rose.

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No joy within this heart shall gleam ;
No garb I'll wear but weeds of wo ;
No rest my wand'ring feet shall know ;
In ev'ry draught my tears shall show'r,
And mingle with the spring ;
Till Ellen's hand, in bridal hour,
Receive this em'rald ring !”....

Soft were my hours of short repose ;
I dream'd, that poor, old Mary's woes
And hapless Ellen's griefs were o'er,
And Hubert was a wretch no more....

Now, from my couch, in haste I rose,
That Mary's heart might joy, to know
Of Hubert's penitential vow.
And, ne'er with half the speed, before,
Old Edwy reach'd the cottage door.
Lightly my footsteps enter'd there,
While on my brow smil'd tidings fair.

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No blaze the cottage hea
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With piteous whine, and

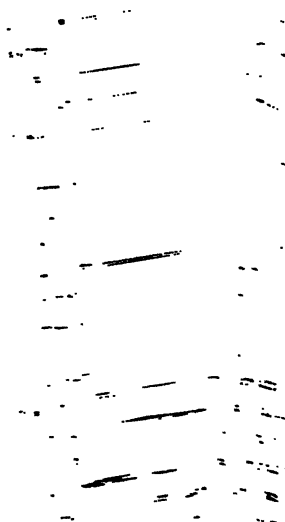
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Dishonour'd of its only gem,
 Would droop, and pine, and die?

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When first, beside the little stream,
Hubert her artless charms survey'd,
As there at eventide she stray'd.

Thus, on her cheek the deep'ning hue,
More closely seen, more lovely grew;
And thus her modest head she hung,
When love was first on Hubert's tongue.
And thus he stole away the flow'r,
The plaything of an idle hour,
 And threw it lightly by;
And thus old Mary's heart, despoil'd,
Robb'd of her dear, her only child,
 Did droop, and pine, and die....
Soon turn'd away my footsteps then,
And never pass'd the vale again.
But, when I left the lonely cot,
Old Carlo seem'd to heed me not;





What vice and misery were there,
Where my long search, at last, regain'd
All, that of Ellen still remain'd ?
Kind stranger, let me pass it o'er....
But no, for now thine anxious eyes
Speak some unkind, unjust surmise....

And is thy luckless fortune blind,
To half the worth of womankind ?
And canst thou, in ungen'rous part,
Think lightly of a woman's heart ?

Such thoughts were mine, but long before
The frothy tide of youth was o'er.
And long, till manhood drew the veil,
'Gainst woman's heart, I lov'd to rail ;
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The jest unkind, and word severe.
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That woman's love and constancy
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Thou bear'st, in such ungen'rous thought,
Shame on a heart, that would disown
The fairest jewel in its crown !
Oh ! let such thought for ever go !
Or never, never shalt thou know
Life's dearest drop of balm, that flows
To mingle with thy worldly woes.

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As there at eventide she stray'd.

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And thus her modest head she hung,
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 And threw it lightly by;
And thus old Mary's heart, despoil'd,
Robb'd of her dear, her only child,
 Did droop, and pine, and die....
Soon turn'd away my footsteps then,
And never pass'd the vale agen.
But, when I left the lonely cot,
Old Carlo seem'd to heed me not;

My words for faithful Carlo,
Ensur'd an aged herdsman's c
Who said he knew the lurches

Long were the tale of Hubert
And constant toil, and short r
And frequent tear, and bitter s
And fading cheek, and fever'd
And wild resolve, before a wo
Of hapless Ellen's fate he hear

As long the tale, as sad to hear
Of wand'ring Ellen's constant
And drooping head, and faintin
And sick'ring life, that long'd
And sharp rebuke, and woman
Long and long he hear

What vice and misery were there,
Where my long search, at last, regain'd
All, that of Ellen still remain'd ?
Kind stranger, let me pass it o'er....
But no, for now thine anxious eyes
Speak some unkind, unjust surmise....

And is thy luckless fortune blind,
To half the worth of womankind ?
And canst thou, in ungen'rous part,
Think lightly of a woman's heart ?

Such thoughts were mine, but long before
The frothy tide of youth was o'er.
And long, till manhood drew the veil,
'Gainst woman's heart, I lov'd to rail ;
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The jest unkind, and word severe.
For then it surely seem'd to me,
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Were legend light, and fairy tale.

But if, 'gainst gentle woman, aught
Thou bear'st, in such ungen'rous thought,
Shame on a heart, that would disown
The fairest jewel in its crown !
Oh ! let such thought for ever go !
Or never, never shalt thou know
Life's dearest drop of balm, that flows
To mingle with thy worldly woes.

Of tender love and constancy
Gazing on heav'nly woman's
That lives and loves, alone f

Thy stale noon day of life sh
Before another's youth is don

On woman, if thou hadst bes
In youth, thy love, thy const
Lighter by half had been thy
Fewer by half had been thy

And, when thy wane is chill
And, when the verge of life i
No woman's love and consta
Shall shed one bitter tear fo
No hand shall ask thy last car

No varying griefs her love could change,
No weight of woes her heart estrange.

And, if thou marvell'st how it fell,
That Ellen's feet e'er came to dwell
In haunts of vice ; then stranger, know,
Perfidious man, in pity's guise,
Basely seduc'd her to the cell !
And, there he long and vainly strove,
Poor Ellen's changeless heart to move,
With paltry gold and empty sighs.

For, when he found her, houseless, poor,
And begging alms, from door to door ;
He said, 'twas shame, that one, so fair,
Such cruel part were doom'd to bear ;
And kindly ask'd that she would tell,
Where chanc'd herself and friends to dwell.

And, when he knew no friends were near,
No father's shield, no brother's spear,
Whose lion-heart might not be long,
To right an injur'd sister's wrong ;
His gallant soul, its purpose high,
Her cup of bitter gall to fill,
To make a wretch more wretched still,
Conceal'd, beneath a pitying sigh.
He said, he knew a gentle friend,

At length the wretch, with nought
But time and labour, basely lost,
Turn'd from the chase, and gave
Nor cast one thought of Ellen more

Her weary woes, at last, o'ercame
Her tender heart and feeble frame
And, in her wildly staring eye,
Now rag'd the burning hectic high
No gentle hand, no constant care
Turn'd Ellen's fever'd pillow there
And, had not Heav'n directed there
My steps, to find her secret cell,
My feet had sought the wretch in vain
For Ellen ne'er I dream'd to see,
In haunts like these ; where sorrow
And cruel man's perfidious part

From man's, as from a tiger's low'r;
And oft, in her delirious hour,
Call'd wildly upon Hubert's name,
And rav'd of love and constancy....

Oh! 'twas a piteous thing, to see
The little Ellen's misery.
For fever'd blood and constant care
Had sadly shorn her flowing hair.
That hazel eye did strangely glare,
And, in its socket sunken low,
Now told of nought but wild despair.
Care's anxious hand had stamp'd, e'en now,
Its checker'd signet on her brow.
Her cheek, deep lin'd by streaming woes,
Display'd, by fits, the fev'rish rose,
And pallid lily, sadly fair.
And, when the hectic strife was o'er,
Then on her cheek the rose no more
Strove, 'gainst the pale usurper's pow'r;
The lily sat in triumph there.
Scarce aught remain'd, by which to know
'Twas Ellen, but her tale of wo....

That hawthorn, which I oft have seen,
With flow'rs so fair, and leaves so green,
Long since has yielded to the storm,
And stands like Ellen's blighted form.

... my Hawthorn, once

Yet, still some fading lines
That told what Ellen once
For nature's stamp, so fair
Must stand the tide of sorri

But wand'rer, well thy wea
May lag, an old man's tale
And, if the tale has been to
Forgive an old man's erring
Whose mem'ry loves to ling
The days of youth, the scen

Now the mower's toil is endi
Flocks and herds are homew
And, mark ! beneath the mo

She said, her heart had lost its pride,
Her soul must wend to Heaven.
And how, when Ellen came to know,
Of wretched Hubert's dreadful vow,
She wore the ring, in bridal hour,
And said, that all her griefs were over :
For, though she felt they soon must part,
Yet, now she knew that Hubert's heart
Would surely be forgiven.

And how, of all when tidings came
To Hubert's sire ; for rage and shame,
He fiercely turn'd him from his door :
For Hubert then had long withstood
His cruel sire's unbending mood ;
Nor e'er would give his heartless hand,
For wealthy lady's gear and land.

And how old Edwy ne'er before,
Mid all the joys of better years,
Knew such a dear, and heart-felt hour,
As, when his constant pray'rs and tears
Prevail'd, on Hubert's heart, to take
His ample store, for Ellen's sake.

And how at length, no more to bide,
With cruel sire and heartless friend
Old Edwy cross'd the ocean billow,
With Hubert and his drooping bride.

When Ellen's soul had gone to
Her mortal frame, by Hubert
Was laid beneath the willow
And oft he sought the spot, at
And scatter'd wild flow'rs o'er

Strange seem'd his brow, his
He rais'd no sigh, no tear he
No word of Ellen e'er he said
But silent thus, for hours, would
Gazing upon the tablet grey.

It was a month or more
After the hapless Ellen died,
When first poor Hubert's chance
And knew that all was
Hubert was then mine only care
And oft I thought of thee

And, strangely smiling, toss'd away
The wild wood-rose, and lily gay.
And cried, while reaching out the flow'r,
"Edwy, it is my wedding day ;
This pledge of love, good Edwy, bear,
And say to Ellen, she must wear
This em'rald ring, in bridal hour."

And, while my heart with sorrow bled,
I turn'd to hide my grief, and said,
"sure, dearest Hubert, thou dost know,
That pass'd is Ellen's bridal hour!
And, sure thou know'st this little thing,
Which thou dost call an em'rald ring,
Is nothing but an hare-bell flow'r !"
Then first his tears began to flow ;
Wild was the piteous look he gave ;
And, as he slowly turn'd to go,
He mutter'd, " 'tis a cruel thing,
That Edwy will not bear the ring :
Ellen will chide my long delay."

And when, as reas'ning words were vain,
I said, to sooth his fever'd brain,
"Stay, dearest Hubert, weep not so ;
Edwy will bear that ring for thee !"
He turn'd, and gaz'd me wildly o'er,
As one he ne'er had seen before ;
And cried, "who art thou ? art thou he,

seeking the spot where Elle
And, when the willow came
He turn'd, and whisper'd in
Some words, so low I could
Then, with slow tread, and
And lifted finger, creeping n
Short while, his list'ning ear
Upon the tablet low ;
Then slowly rising, wav'd hi
And tears began to flow.
Then crouch'd upon the tabl
Till slumber chas'd his woes
As now, beneath the lonely wil
He makes the simple stone his

Plainer now thou hear'st the
Murm'ring brook, and tink

THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.



THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.

Now blithe the fairy circles glide,
In frolic dance, at eventide ;
They screen their forms from mortal eye,
In green and silver livery :
Green is the mead on which they stray,
And silver is the moonbeam's ray.

Within the magic ring,
There stands a cave, whose thousand rays
The silver beam in pride displays ;
Blending the crystal's gairish sheen,
With lively light of jasper green :
Its dome with crystal is array'd,
And jasper gems its colonnade :
There reigns th' Æolian king....

Slow rising from the cavern'd hall,
First comes an aged seneschal,
His finger on his lips he lays,
The sign the fairy band obeys ;

No fairy from the ring dare
But on the knee they light
And wave their wands of g

The high command, on ray
Bears Zephyr, herald of th
To ev'ry breeze and ev'ry
On mountain cliff, in lowla
E'en to the winds, that ger
The tiny stream, and curl
The herald bears the tidin
The East alone and all his
Unbidden to the court rem
Instant the winds obedient
Around their monarch's ca
And silent wait their king

All, but the whirlwind, at the word,
Speed with liege haste before their lord ;
He bade th' Æolian herald bring
His bold defiance to the king....

Uprose the kings of winds ; the band
Of fairies rise, and round him stand.
No breeze dare move, whose breath could stir
Their little wands of gossamer.
Swift, at the word, an herald brings
The living lyre, of silver strings ;
And, in th' Æolian monarch's name,
He makes aloud the high proclaim.
" Come, all ye winds, who dare aspire,
To sweep the soft Æolian lyre !
In order rise, no humble meed
Is to the victor wind decreed ;
Be it or zephyr, breeze, or gale,
Whose skill shall o'er the lyre prevail !"

The herald ceas'd ; when, loud and strong,
The North wind rush'd amid the throng ;
Unmarshall'd forth he sprang, and seiz'd the lyre :
With wild, tremendous hand he pass'd
Along the chords, in wint'ry blast.
So rude the touch, so rough the measure,
The fairies fled, and from their hands
In fear they dropp'd their magic wands.

The monarch cool
The sign the scene
His finger on his lip
No fairy from the
But on the knee to
And wave their w

The high command
Bears Zephyr, her
To every breeze
mountain cliff,
in the winds,
the tiny stream,
The herald bears
The East alone
Unhidden to the
and the winds
and their own

Paul F. L. Liu, D. J. W. Sim

See the North & West.

Photo: David Paul Morrissey

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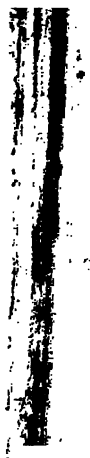
124 *Paul Langford*

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And wave their wands of goss

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In fear they dropp'd their magic wands.

the herald rose, and bade the No
Again, obedient to the king,
The fairies form'd the magic ring

Again the herald made proclaim
The herald ceas'd....th' inconstant
No zephyr in his train there came
With conscious-pride he vaunted
Pleas'd at the failure of the North
For North and South were old and

Amid the fairy throng,
With lofty step and strong,
He proudly swept along.

Wild and fantastic were the sounds
Now madly bold, now trembling and

Proud of his skill, he glanc'd around
Upon the North, in high disdain,
Whose hand had tried the lyre in vain :
And now his notes again grew strong ;
 He sought for higher fame.
But when he found from all the throng
 No murm'ring plaudit came ;
His hand grew light, he lower'd his tone,
And glanc'd upon the monarch's throne :
 The monarch frown'd.
Sudden, he lost his native fire,
And quiv'ring, fault'ring, dropp'd the lyre ;
 And died away for shame.

The herald now could scarce restrain
The North wind, from the lyre again.

Once more the herald made proclaim ;
And now a thousand clouds there came,
With hollow blast and tempest strong,
That pioneer'd the East along.
Uprose the king of winds with ire,
And bade the pioneers retire ;
And tell their lord, who dare resort
Unbidden to th' Æolian court,
To keep his blast and tempest bound,
Whene'er the harp of winds should sound ;
Nor then permit his clouds to stray,
Athwart the moonbeam's silv'ry way.

And the zephyrs first before him
Who breathe the balmy breeze

Short while with six
He softly swept the silver strings
And, when he found his harp
He paus'd upon the
While, of the zephyrs
One lightly o'er the harp his fingers
His tiny fingers trembled as they
Unwont alone to raise a note
He ceas'd ; another came, and no
Another ; and till none at last remain'd
Of all the little choir,
Who have not tried their quavers
Upon the silver lyre :
Now sleeps the harp of winds, and

Hark ! they wake the trembling measure !
Now they warble notes of pleasure,
Glee and roundelay !
Now they raise their wild notes higher !
And now they swell the sounds in fullest choir !
And now they die away !
Yet die so gently on thine ear,
That still the sounds thou seem'st to hear.
Again the harp is still ; and now
A smile is on the monarch's brow.
Cheer'd by that smile, advances to the lyre
The West alone, the zephyr train retire.

Along the silver strings,
His hand he lightly flings,
In measure gently wild.
Instant he lifts his anxious gaze,
'Tis not to seek the monarch's praise ;
The timid West had secret fear
He might displease the royal ear :
He saw the monarch smil'd....
His heart is firm, his hand is strong ;
He sweeps the silver strings along.

Entranc'd, the North, with ear profound,
Now holds his breath to hear the sound.
Amid the skies
The wild notes rise ;

Thou scarce
And now, so
Thou seem'st thy very self
That strikes the soul
'Tis rapture and

He wakes the silver lull
Mild is the measure,
Lull'd to rest by magic
Care is sooth'd, and sooth
The liquid sounds, in
Now gently bind the soul
Now o'er this nether world
And bear it softly to the
'Till, with the measure clear
It seems to rest awhile in

And ev'ry fairy in the band
Now wav'd aloft his little wand :
And ev'ry zephyr sighed for pleasure.

The herald made his last proclaim :
No zephyr, breeze, or gale there came....

Now spake that herald high, whose stand
Was on the monarch's better hand ;
And thus aloud decreed ;
“ Of all the winds, the Western gale,
Alone, does o'er the lyre prevail !
Then let no other wind aspire,
To touch the soft *Æolian* lyre :
Such is the victor's meed !”

And now the monarch waves his hand
The seneschal the sign convey ,
His finger on his lips he lays ;
And ev'ry fairy in the band
Now doffs his plume, and bends his knee,
And to the West wind, three times three,
Bows down his head, and waves his little wand.

The herald glanc'd upon the king ;
Again he wav'd his hand ;
The fairies op'd their magic ring ;
And, from the monarch's band,

Proceeds that aged sen
The herald bears the s
And last the monarch's

Now, govern'd by their
The fairies dance in my
Till morning lustre faint
And mingles with the sil

They close their elfin me
He gives the sign, he sta
And now they fly a thou
In haste to shun the morn
Till ev'ry fairy finds his c
Within the lily's perfum'

BILLOWY WATER.



BILLOWY WATER.

ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER, AT MOON-LIGHT.

THESE lines appeared first, in Boston, in the Palladium. They were republished in London, shortly after, in the Courier, without any notice of their transatlantic origin. This remark is intended for those, who have known them only as the lines in the Courier ; or who have seen them, in some of our own newspapers, as "the production of an anonymous British Bard."

BILLOWY water, roll along !

While far I mark thy various way ;

At first, from gentle fountains sprung ;

Through meadows wont to stray.

Softly there thy smooth tide flows ;

Where, lighted by the moon's pale beam,

The margin wild-flower fondly bows,

To kiss thy silv'ry stream.

Wavy soon thy waters grow,

Nor longer softly, gently glide ;

And other tiny streamlets flow,

To swell thy bustling pride.

It pours a torrent, loud and
And bears, resistless, on its
Its grav'llly bed along.

There thy turbid wave is
To hold afar its muddy way
As if it scorn'd, with salt sea
To mix its waters grey.

So, the troubled *Arve pu
His cloudy way, through lim

* "BEFORE you enter the tow
must cross the Arve, which, at thi
ger than in winter, being swollen by
of the Alps.

" This river has its source at the
in the valley of Chamouni. is immed

Nor dies it with its sable hues,
But holds his course alone.

Still, afar as eye can strain,
Thy waves are seen, in tempest tost ;
Impetuous rushing midst the main,
Where all in surge is lost.

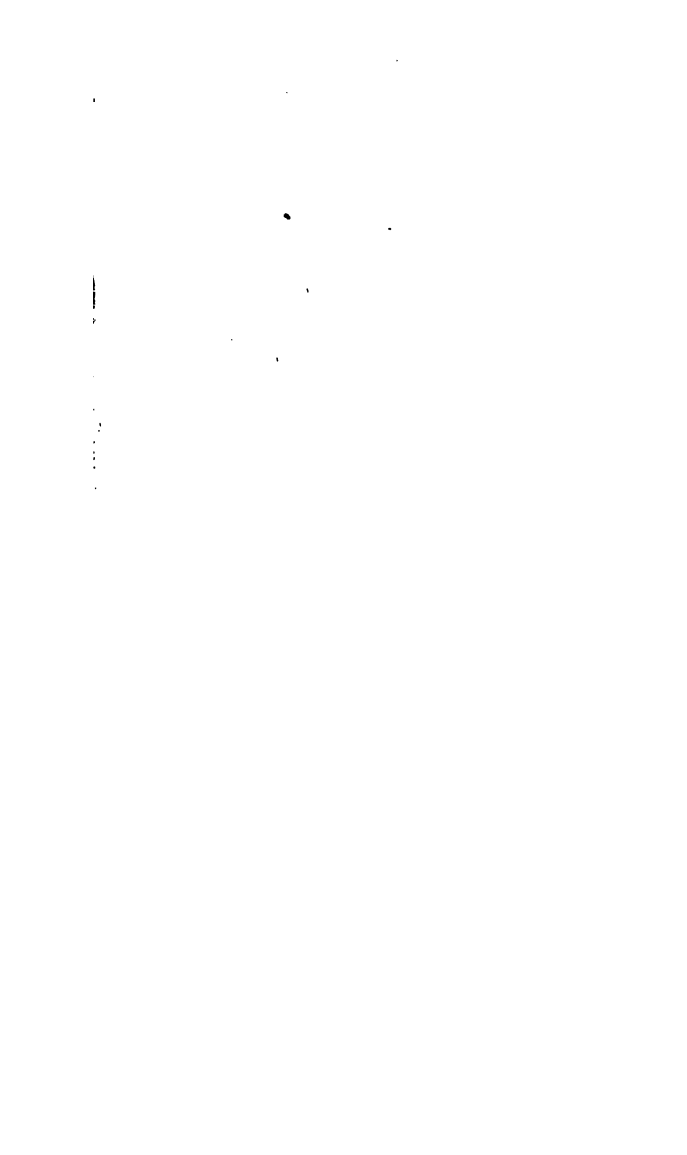
Billowy water, roll along !
While far I mark thy various way ;
Thy murm'ring stream, thy torrent strong
Life's varying tide display.

First, its infant waters flow,
Through verdant dale, and flowery mead ;
Where lilies of the valley blow,
And fairies softly tread.

Glassy now its bosom seems ;
But Avarice soon and hubblyng Pride
Pour in their tributary streams ;
And swell the little tide.

* Two miles below the place of their junction, a difference and opposition between this ill-sorted couple is still observable : these, however, gradually abate by long habit, till at last, yielding to necessity, and those unrelenting laws which joined them together, they mix in perfect union, and flow in a common stream to the end of their course."

Moore's View of France, &c. Vol. I.



THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE.



THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE.

Snow hides the green mountain,
Beneath its white billow ;
And chill'd is the fountain,
And leafless the willow :
The tempest, loud swelling,
Now drives along dreary ;
Before the storm yelling,
The sea-mew flies weary,
And cowering, seeks shelter from ocean's wild roar.
While billows are bounding,
O'er rude rocks, surrounding
The long sandy beach, and the craggy lee-shore.

Where now does the bark ride,
The wild water braving ?
Where now, o'er the dark tide,
The gay streamer waving ?
And where now, so fearless,
The mariner, helming



That nat mariner blast
That streamer has drunke

O'er breakers, loud
The waves fiercely
While rude billows,
In riot, roll round h
Go, helmsman, mid
Thine arm now must
Oh ! kiss with deve
The pledge, that s
Who ne'er may behold thee,
Think of her, who
When danger is ne
Then plunge thy bold form
main !

His motionless corse on the lone shore they lay.

Rude waves, loudly roaring,

Along the strand pouring,

Now bear him again o'er the watery way !

Again rise the surges ;

Again they restore him :

Again the wave urges

Its reflux o'er him !

Who, reckless of danger,

Now braves mid the ocean ?

How wild looks the stranger !

How frantic his motion !

He rescues the corse from the rough rolling wave !

The strand for its pillow,

From out the salt billow,

He rescues the corse....but it is not to save !

There stands, dark and lonely,

The plunderer's dwelling ;

He seeks the strand, only

When sea-mews are yelling.

When, mid the storm howling,

No star is seen beaming,

The wretch then is prowling ;

The false fire is gleaming,

To lead the poor mariner on to his doom !

When waves bear him senseless,

He robs the defenceless,

And plunges the corse in the billowy tomb !

Of wild ocean dravn
Hard earn'd was the t
Through tempest loud
Though toiling was ple
For her, who was dear to the m
The fierce hand, unspa
Now rudely is tearing
The poor humble garb from the

The pledge of devotion
Thine arm still is wear
That pledge, mid the oc
Gave heart to thy darin
When eyes, brightly be
Have ever beset thee ;
When false fears were d
Thy girl would forget tl
It brighten'd thy love, and it sol

Poor, heart-sunken seaman !
He grasps at thy treasure !
And shall he bereave thee ?
Thy darling pledge sever ?
And cruelly leave thee ?
No, mariner, never !
The tall wave indignantly rolls to the shore !
The arm of the Thunderer
Seizes the plunderer !
Floods overwhelm him ! he rises no more !

The reflux billow
Now leaves the beach waveless ;
The flood is the pillow
Of mariner graveless.
But mark the wave stranding,
More boldly aspiring ;
The mariner landing,
Then slowly retiring ;
The plunderer comes not along with the tide ;
The shark is heard dashing,
Amid the waves splashing !
The froth of the billow with crimson is died !
While chill blasts are blowing,
Who o'er the corse gazes ?
His garb round it throwing,
The sailor he raises.
From winds cold and storming,
The stranger has borne him ;

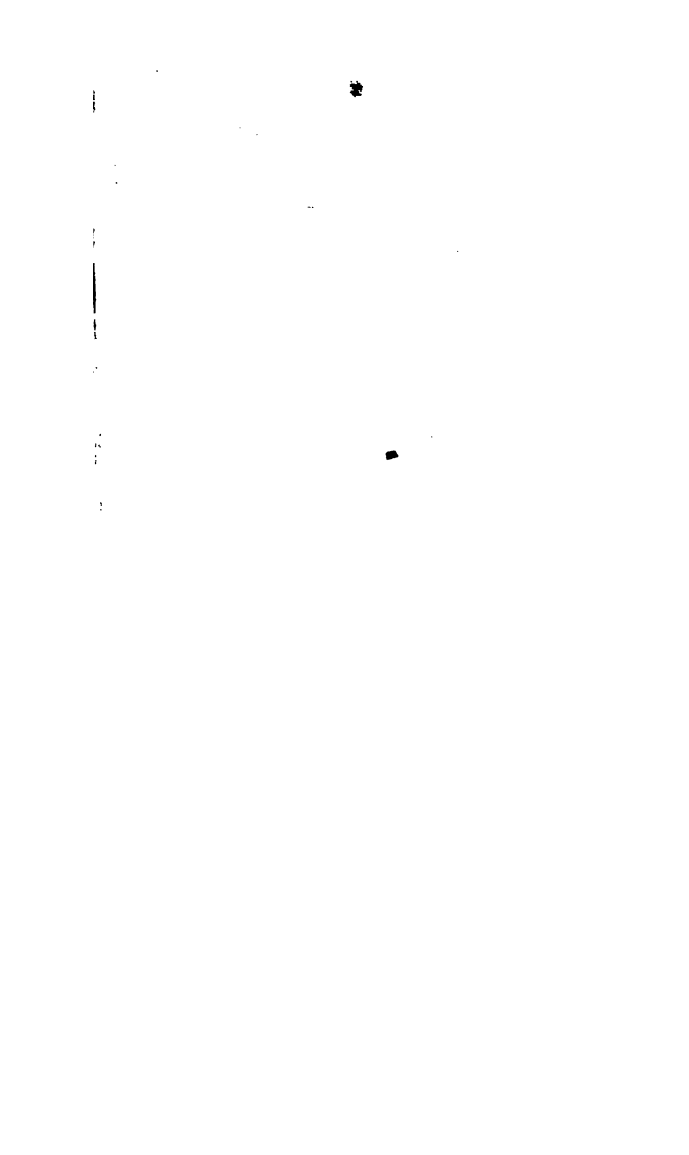
His bosom is glad
He ne'er shall forget the

The white wind
Has left the green
Now leaves dry
Now ripples the
Where tempests
Soft breezes are
The sea-mew, la
Is 'neath the rock
The sailor is far from the
The girl that was
When danger was
Now holds to her bosom he

THE TEAR-DROP.

8

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THE TEAR-DROP.

TO HER, WHOM I LOVE.

I LOVE thee, dear girl, for those eyes that speak pleasure,
Those sweet little ringlets, that artfully curl ;
For lips, where I oft have drunk joy without measure,
And cheeks blushing roses, I love thee, my girl.

But, ah ! when the sad tale of pity does move thee,
I love thee indeed for that deep bosom-sigh ;
Yet most for that sure pledge of nature I love thee,
The tear-drop, that stands in thy soft melting eye !

And, still while I gaze at its tremulous motion,
Or down thy warm cheek see it stealing its way,
'Tis dearer to me than the pearl of the ocean,
And clearer than India's gem is its ray.

Give the tear to my lips then ! and love, thus requited,
No longer shall mourn for the loss of the sigh ;
For that was for Heaven, and seraphs, delighted,
Have borne the dear tribute in triumph on high.

'Twere joy, though the last of my days were to-morrow,
To think you would come to lament for my doom ;
O'er my tablet to shed such a tear-drop of sorrow ;
To heave such a sigh as you turn'd from my tomb.

...arest, remember me, when t
Shall bear me away, o'er the
Then let such a tear-drop bede
For him, who shall never be

When they tell thee, his lips tha
With thine, are clos'd motionl
And that life's ebbing breath as
In sighs to his mistress, and p

Then say that I lov'd thee with
And sigh for my fortune with
And, while my fond spirit shall
Oh ! shed such a tear-drop for

THE BILLOW.



THE BILLOW.

Go, little billow, rippling go,
Adown the streamlet gently flowing ;
And roll thy way along the bay,
Where loud the length'ning blasts are blowing.

And strive to gain the mighty main,
Where wild the wat'ry war is raging ;
And rear thy form amid the storm,
Where fierce the waves and winds are waging.

Where fast before the thunder's roar
The mountain-wave is madly driven ;
And bursts its ire mid lightning's fire,
High in the arch of angry Heaven.

There tempest tost the bark is lost,
The sailor toils o'er ocean swelling ;
And hope has fled, while round his head
The grey sea-mew is loudly yelling.

When parting life has ceas'd the strife,
Go, Heaven speed thee, rolling billow,

His sorrows o'er, to seek once more
Far distant home and humble dwelling.

Where now, beside the glassy pride
Of Avon's smoothly flowing river,
Poor Mary's sighs that often rise
Mourn for the sailor, lost for ever.

Her tear-drops glide with Avon's tide
Fast falling near the weeping willow ;
Where Zephyr woo'd the tiny flood,
That bore thee first a little billow.









MAY 6 1948

